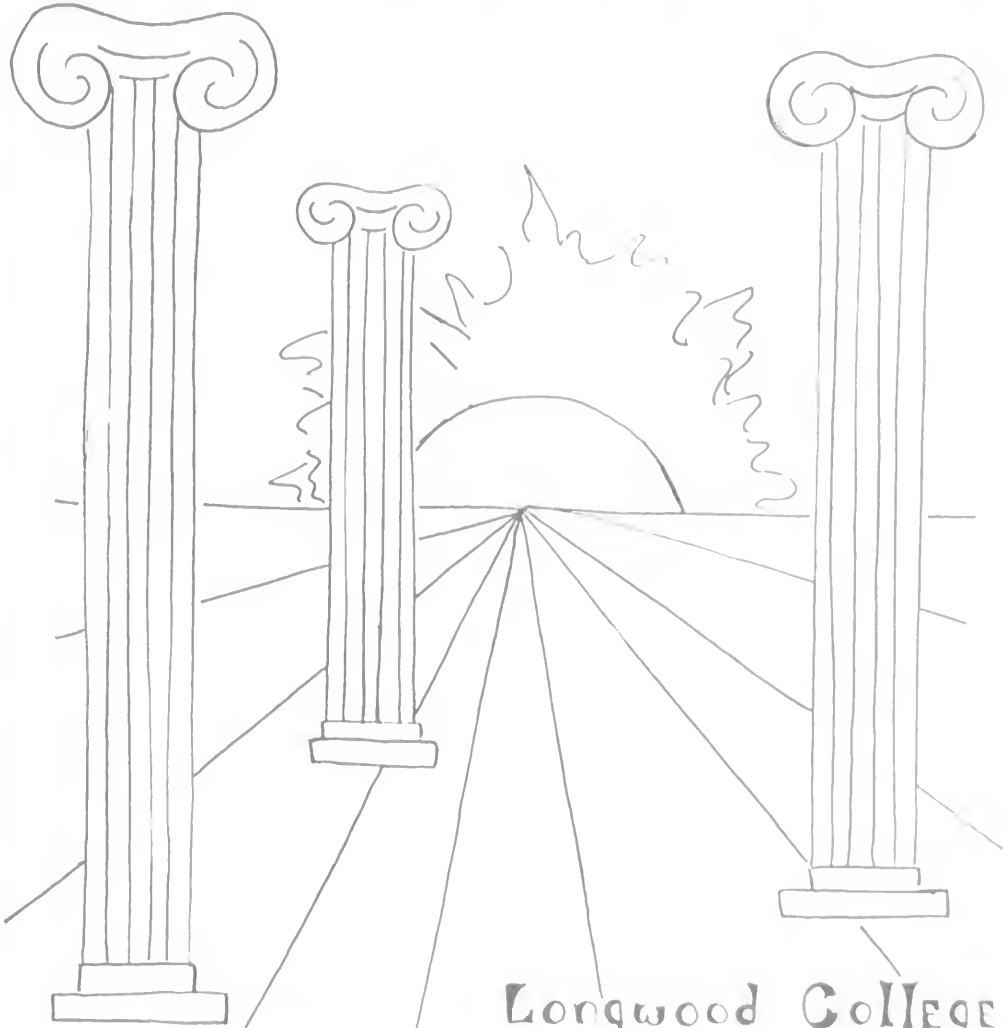
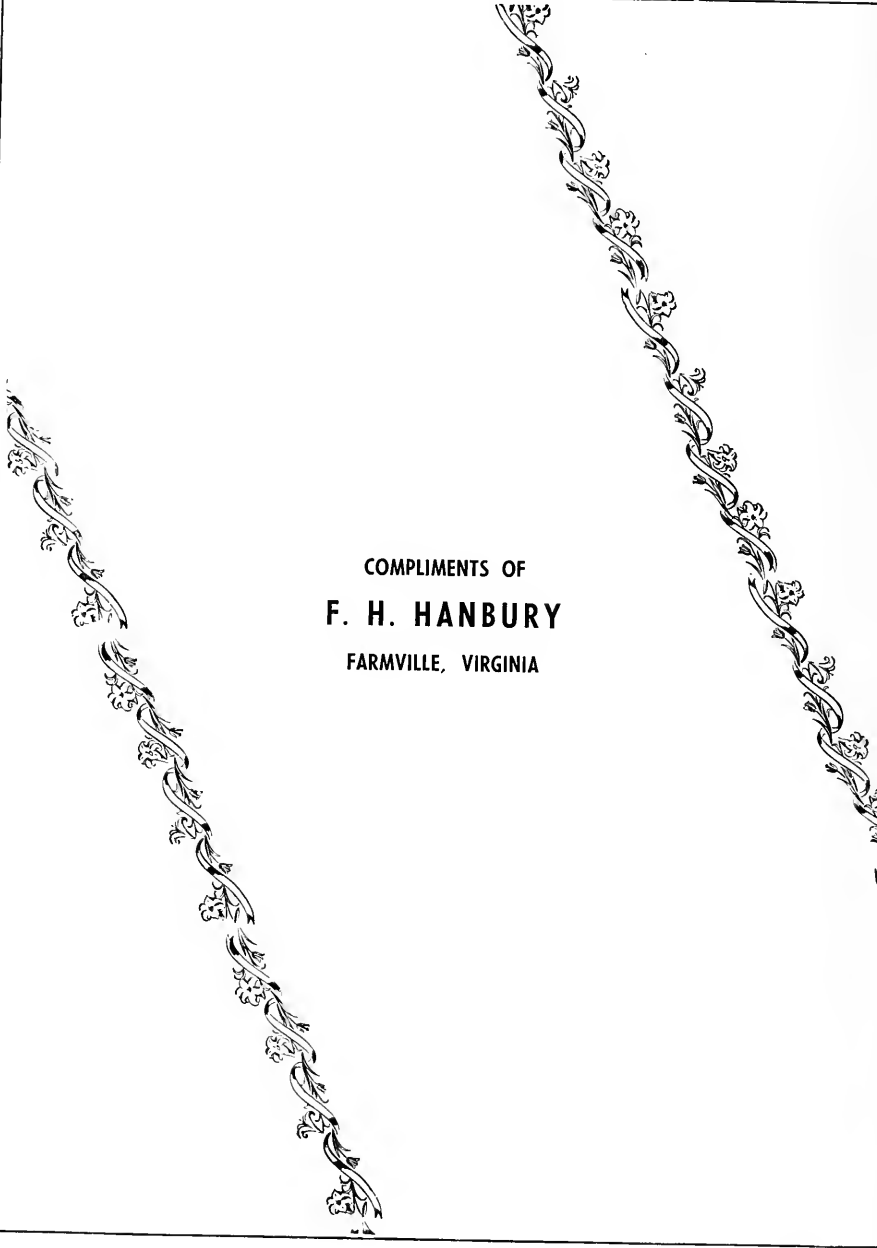


THE COLONNADE



Library
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia

Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia
May, 1957

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COMPLIMENTS OF
F. H. HANBURY
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XX

May, 1957

No. 3

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The Adventures of

AN ANALYSIS OF THE

by HA

EDGAR ALLAN POE is considered to be the father of the modern detective story. His hero, Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin, is the prototype of the well-known fictional sleuth, Sherlock Holmes. Although it would be difficult to trace the influence which Poe has had upon even a few of the modern detective story writers, it is reasonably certain that the idea of a man, who solves crimes through acute observation and sheer brain power and who runs circles around the police, inwardly chuckling at their inability to grasp the situation, and who keeps his friends awed and mystified by his seemingly incredible ability to deduce mountains from mole hills, originated with Poe.

Three stories in which Dupin plays the leading role are: "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter." Poe begins "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" with a brief dissertation upon the characteristics and peculiarities of the truly analytical mind. As an example of such a mind he introduces his central character, C. Auguste Dupin. It should be noted that this story, and the other stories as well, is narrated in the first person by someone who is a close friend of the central character but who remains unnamed. This is the same point of view that occurs in the Sherlock Holmes stories except that the narrator, Dr. Watson, is named. The narrator, who is probably someone like Poe, relates that he first met Dupin in an obscure library in Paris because they were both looking for the same book. They found that they had similar interests and decided to set up housekeeping together. The house in which they lived was furnished "in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions. . . ."

This description is reminiscent of the decadence of the ancestral home of Roderick Usher in "The Fall of the House of Usher." The narrator of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" tells us that Dupin was a member of an illustrious family but that he "had been

reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes." In another place he says, "His (Dupin's) manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulant but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. . . . What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited, or perhaps diseased, intelligence." Thus, there also appears to be a parallel between the character of Usher and the character of Dupin. One might say that Dupin had a less advanced case of the degenerating disease with which Usher was afflicted. The same type of character, with facets of normality, genius, and insanity, is found in "The Raven." Poe seems to have employed this type of character often and to have treated it sympathetically; this may have been because it was an unconscious reflection of his own personality.

The plot of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" involves the slaying of two women in a fourth-story bedroom about three o'clock in the morning. Poe spares no details which would add to the horror and grotesqueness of the hideous crime. The head of one of the corpses is found completely severed from the body and the other corpse has been thrust up the chimney upside down. Hair has been torn out by the roots and the room is found in complete disorder. The entrance of Dupin into the case is caused by the arrest of a bank clerk whom Dupin knew and who had taken 4000 francs in gold to the home of the deceased after she had withdrawn that sum from her account three days before the tragedy. There was nothing to incriminate the bank clerk; he had evidently been arrested simply to satisfy the demand for an arrest. Dupin after carefully reading the testimony

E. Auguste Dupin

TECTIVE STORIES BY POE

NCASTER, JR.

of the witnesses and an examination of the scene of the crime figures out exactly how the crime was committed through the process of ratiocination.

"The Mystery of Marie Roget" which is subtitled "A Sequel to 'The Murders n the Rue Morgue'," was first published in November, 1842. According to a footnote, the story was based upon the real murder of Mary Cecilia Rogers in the vicinity of New York sometime prior to the publication of the story. By changing the locale of the story from New York to Paris, by assigning French names to persons, places and newspapers involved, and by calling in the master detective Dupin, Poe was able to present his interpretation and solution of the real crime through a fictional counterpart. The footnote adds:

"The Mystery of Marie Roget" was composed at a distance from the scene of the atrocity, with no other means of investigation than the newspapers afforded. Thus much escaped the writer of which he could have availed himself had he been upon the spot and visited the localities. It may not be improper to record, nevertheless, that the confessions of **two** persons . . . , made at different periods, long subsequent to the publication, confirmed, in full, not only the general conclusion, but absolutely **all** the chief hypothetical details by which that conclusion was attained.

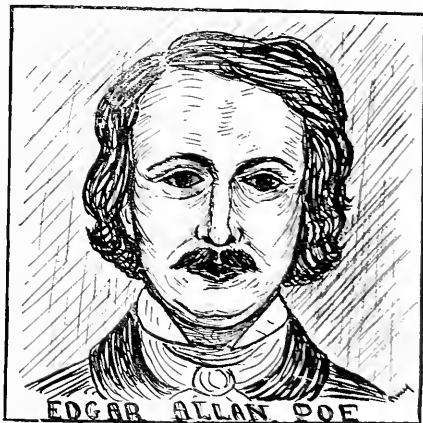
A large part of "The Mystery of Marie Roget" consists of excerpts from Parisian papers (in reality New York and Philadelphia papers) relating to the murder. Due to the popularity of Marie and the wide-spread publicity which had been given to the crime, many of the newspapers published opinions of how and why the murder had been committed. Dupin in his thorough and logical manner discusses these opinions with his friend, the narrator, and refutes most of them, sometimes almost sentence by sentence. Having done this, he

proceeds to formulate his own solution which, according to the footnote quoted previously, proved to be correct and applicable to the real situation. Much of Dupin's argument is concerned with what happens to a body when it is thrown into water, since the body of Marie was found floating in the river. This probably is one of the most interesting and detailed discussions of the subject to be found outside of technical literature; and although I am not enough of an expert on swimming, anatomy, physiology, or physics to vouch for its veracity, I do know a little about each one, and the facts upon which Dupin builds his argument appear valid to me.

"The Purloined Letter" is a literary gem in a class by itself. In this story the reader is, for the most part, freed from the dark, gloomy, grotesque, horrid atmosphere which overhangs most of Poe's stories. It is as if for once the reader is allowed to view Poe's literary genius working in the open sunlight.

"The Purloined Letter" opens with a visit of the Prefect of Police to the residence of Dupin and his friend. During the conversation the Prefect reveals in guarded language that a certain letter belonging to a very high personage has been stolen from the royal apartments by a certain unprincipled and cunning

(Continued on page 14)



Stride

Tread
the world
lightly . . . now,

Lift
your feet
high.

Move
mountains
slowly . . . now,

Patience
brings them
nigh.

Suffer
burdens
bravely . . . now,

Reward
strengthens
core.

Tread
the world
lightly . . . But . . .

Let
men know
you're there.

—NANCY BRUBECK



Good Night

Slip
Slowly;
Glide,
Crystal;
Form,
Giant, shy amoeba;
Emerge,
Transparent butterfly,
From your cast iron cocoon.

A meniscus
Then a discus,
A half,
A round square,
Then a pear,
And plink.

Recapitulation —
Rebirth —
A thousand
Million
Songs
Recur —
Plink, plink, plink.

For
God's
Sake
Some
Body
Cut
Off
That
Damn
Water
Faucet.

—CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

The Lighthouse

by BARBARA HECK

TOMMY'S arm wrapped around Pete's neck, and he hugged the dirty mongrel dog to him. He ruffled the fur on the dog's back and laid his head on the soft, warm body. "Sure am glad when mom looked in the door a few minutes ago, she didn't see you in bed with me," he said. "You know how she is about that."

Tommy turned on his back and watched the glow that illuminated the room at distant intervals. With each dim gleam his mind could picture the lighthouse on the small island near the coast. He could see the stream of light which made a path across the water and ended on his bedroom wall. Tommy's eyes were crinkled at the corners when he thought about Captain. He was the man that lived on the island and took care of the lighthouse. He had lived on ships most of his life, but he wasn't really a captain. The kids just called him that. Tommy loved to hear the stories he would tell about the hurricanes on the ocean, the treasures that were found, and the pirate ships and strange lands that he'd seen. Captain didn't come to the coast very often, only for monthly supplies. But the kids always saw him when he came on shore; and they followed him around town, awed by the tales he would tell to them.

The boy sat up in bed and took off his pajama shirt. He wiped the small droplets of sweat from his forehead and upper lip. A slight, warm breeze ruffled the curtains. He tossed his shirt toward a nearby chair. He slid his legs over the side of the bed and walked to the window. He could hear the soft, muffled roar of the waves as they splashed and slid up onto the beach. He could see the faint flashes of light from the island. The boy crawled back into bed and looked toward the window. He began counting the cowboy figures in the curtains. He turned on his side and patted Pete several times. He turned over and again dropped his legs over the bed and walked to the window. He held his chin in his hands and propped his elbows on the window sill. "Nice



out tonight, Petie. Good weather for boating. Too hot to sleep," he sighed. "If it were daytime, I could take the boat out. The moon's kind of bright—almost like daytime. The light from the island makes it kind of like daytime too."

He stood leaning against the sill for several minutes and then walked across the room. He sat on the edge of the bed with his hands between his knees. Suddenly he turned to the relaxed figure on the bed. "Come on, Pete," he said. "Let's take the boat out."

The dog jumped from the bed; and with his tail wagging, he pranced to where the boy was scurrying into his clothes.

The boy's bare feet patted against the soft earth on the path that led to the beach. The recurrent flashes of light from the island lighted the woods in a pale glow as the two marched in the direction of the boathouse. "There, Petie. Doesn't that look pretty?" he said as he came in view of the casual rolling waves. "It smells so good too."

The boy stood on the wet sand and let the cold water slide over his bare feet. He took a deep breath as he dug his toes into the cool sand. Pete was running back and forth on the beach growling and nipping at the foam that curled on the edge of the water. "Hush, Pete. Don't want Mom or Dad to hear us, do you? This is going to be just between me and you," he said.

Tommy looked toward the island. He stood there for several minutes staring at the lighthouse. He had never seen it this close at night. It looked strong and important.

Tommy turned and walked toward the boathouse, his feet making a splat-splat sound on the wet sand. Pete watched Tommy, who pulled the rowboat from its rack and slowly dragged it onto the beach. When he had gotten it close to the water, he stooped behind it and pushed and shoved the craft until it was in the water. The boy's feet had slipped several times in the process, and his overalls revealed where his knees had met the soft sand.

"C'mon, Pete," he said. "We're goin to sea like the captain. Hop aboard." Tommy crawled into the boat and took a firm hold on the oars. Pete pranced back and forth on the beach and whined softly. "Hop aboard,

matey," Tommy whispered. "And hurry up."

Pete jumped into the water. Tommy watched the bobbing head moving toward him. The dog leaped onto the edge of the boat and scooted to the floor in front of the boy. Pete shook himself vigorously. Tommy made a face and jerked his head to the side as the expected shower fell over him. "Oh, Pete, sit," he said sternly. The dog stood in front of the boy and gave him a quick lick on the chin. Tommy wiped his mouth and chin with the back of his hand. "Pete, even if you are my first mate, I can't show any favors to any member of my crew. Now sit." The dog sat stiffly at his master's feet and watched the water move passed the boat.

The craft bobbed rhythmically as Tommy rowed in the direction of the island. Every now and then a cloud blotted out the moon, but the light from the island gave a silver luster to the waves. Tommy looked behind him; and when the water became light, he could see the buoys and markers clearly.

After the two seafarers had been on the water for several minutes, a sudden change seemed to have moved the ocean. Tommy looked up at the moon. No glow appeared from behind the dark clouds. The steady rise and fall of the small boat suddenly changed to a rocking motion. Tommy could no longer steer with his oars. The boy looked down at the curling waves near him; he gasped in horror. A dim glow from the island revealed a floating marker next to the boat. "Pete, we're out too far. I can't even go out this far in the daytime."

The boy tried to turn the boat around, but the black waters tossed it helplessly. The oar splashed wildly, and the boat finally began to turn toward the mainland. Pete began to bark and turn around and around. "Hush, Pete," he snapped. "Sit." The dog growled, but he sat motionless. The boat cut the water slowly and began to head restlessly for the shore.

The boy's arms ached as he pulled the boat onto the sand and placed it back in its rack in the boathouse. The boy and dog didn't stop running until they reached the small bungalow at the end of the path. After Pete jumped through the window, Tommy hoisted

(Continued on page 15)

SUBLIMATION

by CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

A MAN named Mike walked the streets of a celestially white world. The snow had fallen throughout the day leaving the earth clad in a veil of purity. The stars were bright through the spicy, clear atmosphere which was marred only by little clouds of fog from the breath of passing people. Mike walked with his head down, hunched into the upturned collar of his overcoat, as a man will walk when he knows where he's going. He turned in at the bar and pushed open the door without lifting his head. Inside he shook his shoulders back and blinked his eyes until he saw Barry at a table in the corner. He hung his coat on a hook and sat down. Barry sat with a barely-touched mug of beer before him.

Mike had liked Barry from the moment they had met in the bar two weeks before. In the first place Barry-the-Name was so absurd for Barry-the-Man. Barry-the-Name is for apple-cheeked, wholesome-looking, boyish men, and Barry-the-Man was a stocky, broken-down fighter. His hair was wiry with a bald place in the middle of his head. His nose was one-sided, and it ran into a raised scar that trailed across his face to the cheek-bone; but even so he was not an ugly man. He had a rugged, free look about him. Mike admired him very much. He was the only man he knew who could sit in a bar from nine o'clock at night until two in the morning with only one mug of beer.

Barry raised his eyes from a finger painting he was creating in a circle of water on the table top. "You here again?"

A waitress leaned over Mike's shoulder. "Double whiskey," he answered her first and shifted in the complaining chair. "I'm here."

"You going to do that again?"

"Yes."

"I'm getting tired of carrying you home and shoving you into your damn front door."

"Yes."

"I am. That's what I said."

The waitress brought the drink and set it before Mike. He turned the glass in his fingers and took a slow swallow.

"Mike, what good is it?"

"What good is anything?"

"I know something that's good."

"Tell me something, Barry. Tell me something that's good—so good it's perfect. It has to be all perfect. It can't be something that's sweet and leaves a bitter taste. It can't be beautiful, because what is beautiful? I would look for an autumn tree under a street lamp at night, but it isn't autumn and all the trees are stripped skeletons; or I would look for a mother playing with her child, but when I found her the child would begin to cry."

"A woman is something good."

"I have a woman. You've made a bad joke."

"I have?"

"Yes."

Mike had a woman. He had seen her at a play, and someone had introduced her to him. Then he forgot her until he met her again. One night he woke up and he was sun and snow, because he wanted something and he didn't know what it was. He saw her again and he knew. He lived with her because he loved her, and he loved her because she was the person he wanted. Someone pushed the door open and she began to run. He tried to tell her that she must never run, but she didn't understand. She stayed with him, but she had run a little way and she couldn't come back. The someone couldn't keep its hand off the doorknob; and every time the door was pushed a little more, she took another step. When the door was opened all the way and shoved back against the wall there was a big, ugly crack between the hinges; and Mike had forgotten how to cry. She tried to come back then, but she couldn't shut out all the space by herself and Mike couldn't remember how to help her, so he got drunk.

It was the first night in the bar where he had met Barry that he got very drunk. He told Barry that a man should love a woman for what she looks like and never for what she is, because she can change what she is so

fast that one can't keep up with her, but the way she looks changes so slowly that a man never notices until it's too late. Then he looks in the mirror and finds that he has changed, too, so everything is right where it started. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and the earth is all worn out, but the heaven looks just the same. He didn't think Barry had understood because he had only said, "You're drunk." Mike hadn't been able to think of anything else so he just said, "I know, but even so I think I'm right."

Mike still thought he had been right. He would have to think so until he found a better answer. "I think I shall have another whiskey—another double whiskey."

"No, Mike. Why don't you come with me?"

"You're throwing pearls, Barry."

"What's that?"

"If you don't know, I don't know. What are we talking about anyway?"

"The women."

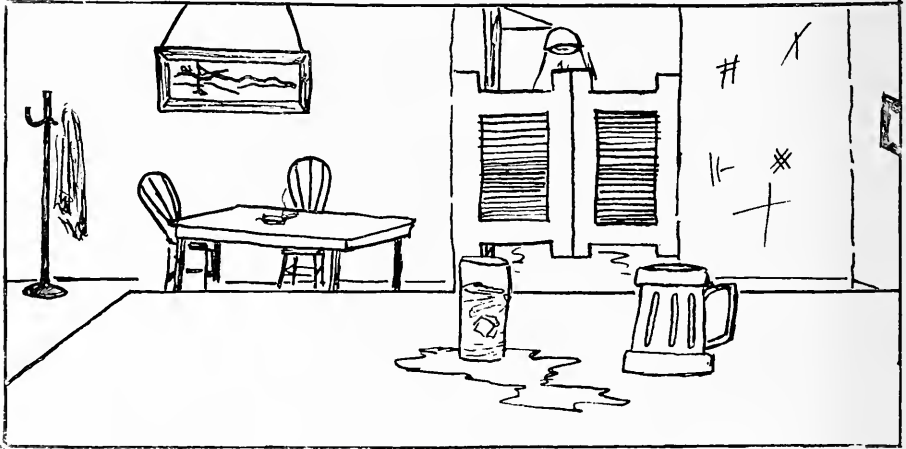
"Oh, the women. But first I must have another whiskey."

"No, we already decided that whiskey's no good."

"I'm no good; whiskey's no good, so I must have another whiskey to go with me."

Mike drank the whiskey quickly, and things were not so bad then; but he decided that on the way to the women he must still look for something else and then maybe he wouldn't have to go after all.

The night was very nice, but it was cold, and Mike was worried that two double whis-



"Ha, to paradise?"

Barry took a drink of his beer to ignore him. "I think we should find some women."

"You think that will be good?"

"Sure."

"It's no good to make love with ugly, worn-out women."

"Oh, but Mike, when you see something beautiful or when you do something good; it's not what you see or what you do. It's how you feel. That's it."

"That's what it is."

"That's what it is."

keys weren't enough. They walked for a long time without conversation. Mike tried to think of something besides wanting another drink. "I don't think you know where you're going."

"I know where I'm going, Mike. You wait. You wait and see. You should know what I mean, Mike. Hell, maybe it's no good. Maybe it's no better than the whiskey, but give it a try, Mike. You know what I mean. You were in the war. Are you afraid of women, or what?"

"Na, Barry. I'm not afraid of women. The

(Continued on page 16)



Unseeing

Above the trees the pale uncertain moon
Conceals herself behind a cloud, as chaste
Diana seeks to hinder night's awakening.
Below, the cricket's rasping monotone
Is softened by the river's gentle whisper
In the marshes hard upon the shore.

The patient night awaits illumination.
And then one small brave herald star
Shines out amidst the firmament,
And then another and another,
Until the sightless countenance of Heaven
Is spangled with a million tiny distant eyes.
The stars, the stoic oracles of Fate,
Who look forever on the spectacle
Of Man, but twinkle not a whit less brightly.
They only shine and shine, white hot, but colder,
Blinder than the diamond eyes of Ba'al.

The moon, emboldened, rises from the trees.
And treads a lustrous path among the myriad
Of stars, all houghty in reflected glory.
And yet her only understanding
The instinctive and eternal circling
Of the hills of earth; her only thought
The vain and brilliant whiteness of her face.

The moon and stars, emitting prideful light
Upon the well-illuminated, sightless night.

—MOLLY WORKMAN



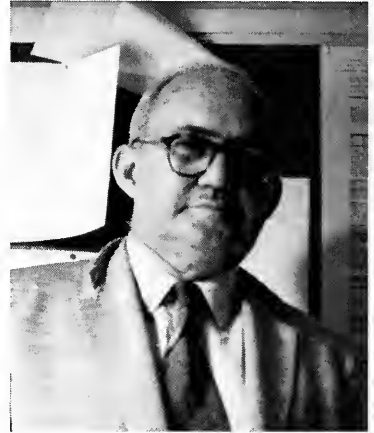
Eight Faculty Men

Investigating possible violations of Academic Freedom, The Column

What do you think o



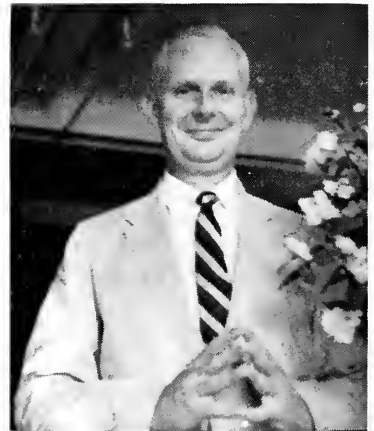
There's a definite lack of the Male...



They get married too soon!



From the Freudian viewpoint, they're...



They're full of Sickening
Sentimentality.

bers Interrogated

mittee recently asked certain key witnesses the following question:

gwood student body?



They're all Lovely Longwood Ladies.



I'd like to know what they think of us.



I'll buy that!



Well, I'd have to consider the matter first.

THE CRITICS' CORNER

Taplin, Gardner B. **The Life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning**. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957. pp. 424.

Since her death in the summer of 1861, the literary reputation of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has rather steadily declined. Today, her reputation is based chiefly upon the romantic circumstances surrounding her marriage to Robert Browning and the handful of love sonnets which she wrote during their courtship. In his biography of Mrs. Browning, Dr. Gardner B. Taplin has faithfully retold the love story familiar to and beloved by so many millions of people. However, in his investigation of Mrs. Browning's copious correspondence—both published and unpublished material—Dr. Taplin has discovered many new facts and aspects of Mrs. Browning's life.

During her lifetime, Mrs. Browning was acclaimed by many critics as the foremost female poet of her time, while her husband, Robert, was largely ignored by critics and public alike. Modern critical evaluations have since reversed their positions, placing Browning in the front rank of English poets and his wife in a much inferior position. In his biography, Dr. Taplin has treated his subject's literary endeavors with a rather ambiguous blend of sarcasm and sympathy. Her failure as a poet he readily and frequently admits, but he gallantly tempers this adverse evaluation with an appealing portrayal of Elizabeth as a woman and as a human being. Through various sources, the author shows the general esteem in which Mrs. Browning was held by her friends and intimates, as a devoted wife and mother and as a person of culture and refinement—a veritable Victorian lady in the noblest sense of the word. In the opinions and observations taken from her own correspondence, Dr. Taplin emphasizes Mrs. Browning's loyal, generous, and idealistic nature. Her personal faults—gullibility, recurrent errors in judgment, an over-protective attitude toward the Brownings' son, Pen—he treats with sympathy and understanding. The biography is a tribute, not to a poet, but to a woman. In Dr. Taplin's own words: "Countless men and

women will continue to find inspiration in the romance and the flight to Italy—where she found fulfillment as wife and mother—in her devotion to scholarship and letters, in her courageous and impassioned protests against injustice to individuals and subject peoples, and in her broad, generous, idealistic, Christian point of view."

Dr. Taplin's careful and scholarly volume will undoubtedly become the definitive work among Mrs. Browning's biographies.

—MOLLY WORKMAN

The Barter Theatre of Virginia presented the Broadway comedy, **The Rainmaker**, on March 20 in Jarman Hall as an Artist Series attraction.

As the curtain went up on the first act, the near-capacity audience viewed a clever set, which was, in reality, three sets. The center and largest section was the rustic interior of the Curry's house with the tackroom on the right and the sheriff's office on the left, each section having the spotlight as action took place there. The illusion of day and night was adequately achieved by the lighting of the backdrop, which was orange-yellow for the daytime and deep blue for the night. The yellow daytime sky also served vividly to represent the heat and dryness of the drought season.

The role of Lizzy Curry, who is on the way to becoming an old maid until a romantic rascalion helps her to believe in her womanhood, was enacted by Marcie Hubert with a breathlessness and freshness which she sustained throughout the play. The romantic swindler, Bill Starbuck, was played by Mitch Ryan, who handsomely looked the part and was thoroughly convincing as the wandering dreamer who promises to bring rain to the Curry family but ends by giving them something far more valuable—the courage to make their personal dreams come true.

Among the supporting actors, Jerry Hardin, as practical and skeptical Noah Curry, and Joe McCall, as exuberant and foolish Jim

Curry, played their respective roles skillfully and enthusiastically. In fact, the only member of the cast who did not appear to be thoroughly enjoying himself was Howard Hunter, who portrayed Deputy Sheriff File, Lizzy's suitor. He seemed to speak his line perfunctorily and to move about the stage stiffly.

The cast's enthusiasm for their roles was well matched and perhaps even surpassed by the audience's enthusiasm for the whole presentation. The comic lines, particularly those of Jim Curry, met with uproarious laughter, and the love scenes between Lizzy and Starbuck in the tackroom brought gasps of approval. With its balance of romance and comedy, **The Rainmaker** proved to be exactly the type of light-hearted entertainment needed to please and delight a responsive audience.

—CAROLE WHITE

Monday, April 8, 1957. The Budapest String Quartet.

String Quartet in C Minor,
Op. 18, No. 4 Beethoven
String Quartet in G Minor,
Op. 10 Debussy
String Quartet in E-Flat Major,
Op. 51 Dvorak

The audience which gathered in Jarman Hall for the final program of the 1956-57 Artist Series heard what was probably one of the finest programs ever presented on this campus. The small, but select, audience had the privilege of witnessing the Budapest String Quartet in its best form.

The program which the quartet chose to play was a well-balanced one. Included was a work by a classicist, Beethoven; an ultra-modern work by Debussy; and a moderately romantic work by Dvorak. In using such a selective program, the group sought to find something to please everyone's taste.

From a musical standpoint, the evening was almost perfect. The few deficiencies which were noted were due more to maladjustment to Jarman Auditorium than anything else. Once the group became familiar with the peculiar attributes of the hall, they performed with uncanny skill.

The techniques which prevailed in the performance could best be noted in the Debussy quartet. Here could be found beautiful soft passages, dazzling rapid passages, and a magnificent ability to create a unified whole in spite of the difficulties of the music. Those who heard the concert will not soon forget their evening with the Budapest String Quartet.

—JOANN L FIVEL

On Friday, April 12, genial Master of Ceremonies David Wiley drew open the curtain in Jarman Hall to present an extravaganza of entertainment to a "standing-room-only" audience. In support of the Lancaster Scholarship drive, the Longwood faculty and Administration combined to present their interpretation of Student Life at Longwood. However, due to a mix-up in the script, any resemblance to Longwood students, living or dead, was purely coincidental.

The opening number of the program hilariously spoofed the annual fall picnic at Longwood Estate. As Circus time rolled around later in the year, Miss Elizabeth Burger of the Science Department delighted and terrified the entire audience with her masterful lion-taming act. (Miss Burger's unusual pet is the only pigmy lion ever to be exhibited below the Mason-Dixon line.) In the Circus clown department, Miss Josephine Bailey, complete with clown suit and funny hat, amused the audience by removing a collection of unusual and sundry objects which had collected in the Longwood organ over a period of several years.

Representing the Longwood Artist Series presentations, the program presented Mr. Walter Urben and Dr. Rinaldo Simonini at the grand piano. Dr. Simonini's recital was supported by the appearance on-stage of several of his devoted feminine fans, who came to applaud him from such far-flung corners of the Campus as the Tea Room, the Post Office, and West Wing. Also representing the Artist Series programs, Dr. Francis B. Simkins and his accompanist, Miss Virginia Wall, impersonated those popular recording artists, Patience and

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Adventures of Auguste Dupin

(Continued from page 3)

minister of state. The nature of the letter was such as to give the minister ascendance over the person from whom the letter was stolen. The personage, a woman, had secretly engaged the Prefect and offered him a large reward to recover the letter. The Prefect explains, taking pride in his methods, that he has searched every inch of the hotel where the minister lives with a microscope without the latter's knowledge and had even had the minister waylaid and searched, as if by ruffians, but that his efforts were to no avail. In the beginning of the story Dupin remarks, "Perhaps the mystery is a little **too** plain. . . . A little **too** self-evident." The Prefect laughs heartily at this but nevertheless endeavors to get Dupin to tell where he thinks the letter is hidden. All Dupin will say is that the Prefect should go back and search the hotel again.

About a month later the Prefect makes another visit to Dupin. He still has not found the letter even though he has re-searched the hotel. He says that the reward has been doubled and that he would be willing to give anyone a check for 50,000 francs who could obtain the letter. Whereupon Dupin tells the amazed Prefect to fill out a check for that amount and, this having been done, hands over the letter. The Prefect is so surprised to receive the letter that after a quick examination to make sure it is the right one he rushes out of the room. Dupin then explains how he obtained the letter. His reasoning essentially involved the identification of himself with the thief. Dupin and the Prefect both were reasonably sure that the letter had been hidden in the hotel because the letter would have to be readily available if it was to be effective as a means of controlling the personage involved. Dupin, who knew the minister in question personally, reasoned that the thief would be smart enough to realize that his premises would be searched thoroughly and that he would probably be waylaid in an effort to retrieve the letter. Dupin then reasoned that he would put it in a place where it would be so evident that no one would notice it. Dupin's next step was to pay a call

on the minister wearing dark glasses under the pretense that his eyes were weak but in reality to enable him to survey the room unobserved while carrying on a conversation with the minister. He finally located a letter in a card rack above the mantelpiece. This letter was half torn and soiled and aroused his suspicion because it looked as if it had been carelessly stuck in the rack, which was so uncharacteristic of the meticulous, precise man with whom he was dealing. His suspicions were confirmed when upon closer observation he noticed that the creases in the letter were bent double—that is, the paper had been folded first one way and then the opposite way along the same creases—as if the letter had been turned inside out. After carefully studying the external appearance of the letter, Dupin departed, leaving his snuff box behind. That night he constructed a replica of the letter and returned with it the next day to pick up his snuff box. As he was talking with the minister there was suddenly a commotion in the street below caused by a man who had fired a musket into the crowd. The minister immediately ran to the window to find out what was going on. This enabled Dupin to take the purloined letter from the rack and to substitute it for the facsimile which he had made. It happened that the musket had not had a ball in it when it was fired and the man was released as a lunatic. This disturbance had, of course, been pre-arranged by Dupin. Soon afterwards, Dupin took his leave of the unsuspecting minister with the purloined letter in his pocket.

These three stories, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter," have several characteristics in common. First and most obviously they are stories of ratiocination involving the solving of a crime by M. Dupin. Second, they are narrated from the point of view of a minor character who remains unnamed but who is intimately associated with Dupin. Third, the victims in the stories are women. This is an interesting point; perhaps women have a greater dramatic value as victims than do men. Fourth, much of the narrative after the stories have really begun is advanced by the dialogue of Dupin. It is difficult to imagine

that in real life a man would discourse at such length upon his own processes of ratiocination even to an intimate friend as does Dupin. These discourses are effective but unrealistic. Fifth, the description in these stories is incomplete and has practically no symbolic values, except to create a gloomy atmosphere. Poe gives only those details which are directly related to the plot. For instance, in "The Mystery of Marie Roget" a complete description is given of the various lacerations and bruises on the corpse and of the way varying pieces of clothing were tied around it, all of which has a bearing upon the brutality of the crime or the solution of it, but no mention is made of the color of the dress or the height of the girl. This would be in line with Poe's theory that all unnecessary details should be eliminated from a short story, but to me it detracts somewhat from the realism of the story. It is therefore evident that the emphasis in these stories is not upon poetic qualities nor upon the giving of complete, realistic details but upon the process of analytical reasoning.

The characteristics of this process of analytical reasoning are difficult to ascertain; or, as Poe puts it in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "the mental features discoursed of as analytical are, in themselves, but little susceptible to analysis. We appreciate them only in their effects." It involves what Poe calls "acumen." However, a few generalizations may be made regarding it. In the first place, it requires acute observation. By observing a broken nail, a hidden spring, a tuft of hair, the width of a shutter, and a greasy ribbon, Dupin was able to solve the murders in the Rue Morgue. This power of acute observation includes the ability not to be deceived by appearances and the perseverance to get at the root of the matter. Second, it is characterized by the ability to collate facts and related information. A discrepancy in the testimony of witnesses in regard to a voice heard immediately after the murders first led Dupin to suspect that the killer in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" might, after all, not be a human. The collation of reports with related data played an important part in "The Mystery of Marie Roget." Third, it entails the identification of oneself with a person or per-

sons, using what is known about that person in order to predict what that person would think, say, or do under given circumstances. This is used to some extent by Dupin in all three of the stories.

In playing a game it is sometimes advantageous to put yourself in the place of your opponent, figure out his best move, and act accordingly. In solving a crime a detective, knowing the characteristics or probable characteristics of the type of criminal with whom he is dealing, can imagine himself in the place of the criminal and often predict what his next move will be. In this way Dupin was able to solve the mystery in "The Purloined Letter," deduce the actions of the sailor in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and account for certain seemingly unrelated or falsely related events and circumstances in "The Mystery of Marie Roget." The characteristics of imagination and deductive reasoning and the ability to reason in retrospect—being able to deduce the causes from the result—are also associated with analytical ability.

In my opinion Edgar Allan Poe is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, short story writers that ever lived. It is true that Henry James went further in the use of subtlety and nuances and Thomas Mann and Ernest Hemingway in the use of realism and perhaps symbolism in the short story than Poe did; but for sheer entertainment, mystery, suspense, and horror, Poe's short stories are unexcelled. The techniques of Poe's detective stories have been imitated, perhaps improved upon, abused, and often vulgarized by innumerable writers; but they remain a tribute to the genius who promulgated them and testify to Poe's mastery of English composition.

The Lighthouse

(Continued from page 6)

himself up and dropped onto the floor of his room. He quickly slipped out of his clothes and pulled on his pajamas. Sharp pains shot through his arms as he crawled into bed next to the panting pooch. "Petie, we can't tell anybody about this; not even the kids . . . maybe someday the captain. But it's just between me and you, Pete. Just me and you."

The Critic's Corner

(Continued from page 13)

Prudence. Dr. Simkins' version of "You Ain't Nothin' But a Hound Dog" was very similar to that of another popular singer, who shall remain ignominious here.

The highlight of the evening's entertainment was a spoof of Freshman Production which, among others, featured the terpsichorean talents of Miss Mary Nichols and Dr. James Wellard, both of the English Department. This dynamic dancing duo so delighted the audience that they were called back for an encore.

It is very gratifying to this reviewer to note that so many members of the Longwood faculty and Administration volunteered their time and talents in support of such a worthy cause. Judging by the applause, the large and enthusiastic audience thoroughly appreciated their efforts. It is sincerely to be hoped that this program, devoted to raising funds for the Lancaster Scholarship, will be presented again next year.

—MOLLY WORKMAN

Sublimation

(Continued from page 8)

whiskey's just simpler than anything else, so I drink whiskey. Whiskey's always something easy. Now that's gone, but this is no better. I thought maybe there was something less complicated before I got to the women."

"This is the house, Mike."

The man stood for a moment in the snow, and looked at the house.

"It's all like the snow, Barry. Do you know what's wrong with the snow? It tries to make everything perfect, but it's just putting a mask on the face of an ugly man."

Mike turned and looked behind him at his tracks sunken in the white frosting. "It's dirty, Barry. It's nothing but mud and slime between the whiskey and the women."

The snow crunched beneath his feet as he walked ahead of Barry to the door of the house.

—CAROLYN WAUGAMAN

MAN AND THE SEA

Hot shifting sand,
Fire blazing sun,
Escaping land
Now on the run.
Peace seeking gulls,
Cruel waves breaking,
Impatient lulls,
Life's tide taking.
Unrelenting,
The ceaseless sea,
Unconsenting
To set man free.

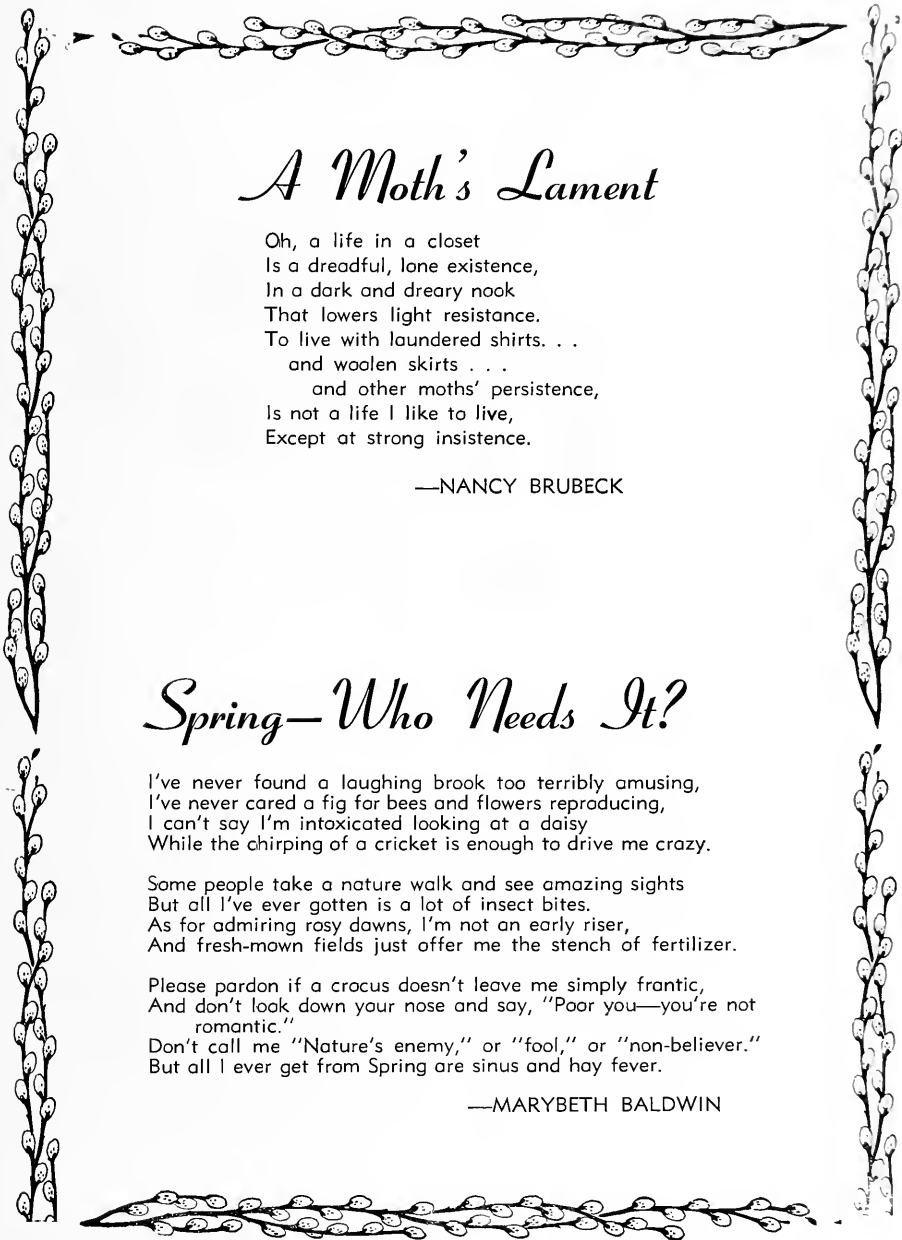
—EVELYN ROACHE

NIGHT TRAIN'S SONG

Why is it the whistle of a midnight train
In the stillness of the night
Reaches out to pull me from sleep
And fill me with longing for flight?
What is the strange magic
Of this winding snake
With her yellow eye and thick, black breath
That makes me lie awake
And tremble with longing
To follow the rails to the end of the trail?

Night after night her haunting call
Shatters my nocturnal peace,
And huffing and puffing, low and long,
The midnight siren wails her song.

—PAT REYES



A Moth's Lament

Oh, a life in a closet
Is a dreadful, lone existence,
In a dark and dreary nook
That lowers light resistance.
To live with laundered shirts. . .
 and woolen skirts . . .
 and other moths' persistence,
Is not a life I like to live,
Except at strong insistence.

—NANCY BRUBECK

Spring—Who Needs It?

I've never found a laughing brook too terribly amusing,
I've never cared a fig for bees and flowers reproducing,
I can't say I'm intoxicated looking at a daisy
While the chirping of a cricket is enough to drive me crazy.

Some people take a nature walk and see amazing sights
But all I've ever gotten is a lot of insect bites.
As for admiring rosy downs, I'm not an early riser,
And fresh-mown fields just offer me the stench of fertilizer.

Please pardon if a crocus doesn't leave me simply frantic,
And don't look down your nose and say, "Poor you—you're not
 romantic."

Don't call me "Nature's enemy," or "fool," or "non-believer."
But all I ever get from Spring are sinus and hay fever.

—MARYBETH BALDWIN

HAIL AND FAREWELL

ALYCE SOMERVILLE

I.

I have known love,
I have drunk sweet waters
From clear, cool streams,
And my thirst was quenched.
I have held a violet in my hand
And have seen beauty.
I have heard the morning songs
Of many birds,
And their sounds were pleasing to hear.
These things have made me glad.
Yet were I to no more drink the waters
of the streams,
And were I to be made blind
And deaf,
I would not grieve;
For I would remember
The streams
And the violets
And the songs of the birds.
Then I would have no thirst
And I would see
And I would hear.

II.

Play the flute, beat the drum,
Hear the rustling of the grass,
Hear the pipers as they pass,
Take my heart, carry it home.

I lie beneath the bleeding sun,
And hear the music sound.
I close my eyes to all I see,
But still to earth I'm bound.
Yet I can hear the music play,
And, listening, I hear her say,
"Your dwelling place is far away."

I stand before the stars at night.
The music still is near.
I rush to hide from her calm voice,
But in sweet tones I hear
Her say, "I'll take you from your hell
Into a land where you shall dwell
With love and tears." I hear the knell.

Play the flute, beat the drum,
Hear the rustling of the grass,
Hear the pipers as they pass,
Take my heart, carry it home.

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